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THE STUDENT'S PEN

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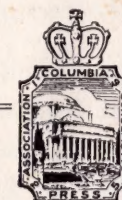
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Fairy Magic

By Dorothy Shelton

Christmas Spirit!

Lightly trips her fairy tread;
As from heart to heart she goes
Spreading everywhere the joy
That the world at Yuletide knows.

Leaving here a bit of peace,
There a happy, smiling face,
Oh, how dull this world would be
Without her joyous fairy grace.

Snowflakes on the window pane,
Bright stars in the sky above
Are her helpers, everyone
Spreading friendly cheer and love.

"Peace on earth, good will toward men,"
She sings to our responsive hearts,
And makes us want to do for all
Our utmost; more than just our part.

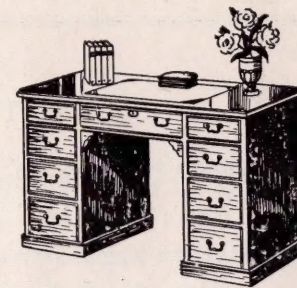
Makes us want to love all men
Whether they be black or white,
Makes us want to see in eyes
That blessed human-kindness light.

What chance of war, of fighting men,
Of bloodsoaked battlefields, of shame,
If we would always in our hearts
Keep an everglowing flame of

Christmas Spirit!



On the Editor's Desk



A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

By Dorothy Shelton

AT no other season is so much demanded of us as at this Yuletide season. At no other season are we so filled with the spirit of giving. At this time we forget to grumble about how much we are asked to give and do. We forget how much we have already given and done. We are too busy trying to make this the merriest Christmas ever for those less fortunate than we.

On every street corner, in front of every important business edifice we see the Salvation Army folks soliciting money with which to buy Christmas dinners for people who at no other time during the year have so fine a meal. We answer the call of the bells and give because we cannot picture Christmas without turkey, cranberry sauce, and all the other delicacies of the Yuletide feast. But our giving in terms of money should not stop here. Every year our Eagle Publishing Company sponsors a Santa Claus Fund, the money of which is used to make Merry Christmases for little children who still believe in Santa Claus, though they have small reason for doing so. To them the Fund is Santa Claus. Each and



every one of us may play Santa Claus to some hopeful child if we contribute to the Eagle's grand fund.

"But we can not contribute to everything," you say. "We have barely enough money to buy our own Christmas gifts. We'd like to help, but we guess we'll have to leave it to our elders."

If this is true, there are other ways in which you can help Santa Claus this year. Have you ever heard of Santa's Workshop? Here is the place to take your discarded playthings. Surely around your house are toys and games which you have outgrown. Here they can be mended, repainted, put

in working order, and made ready to gladden some child heart. You might even offer your services to this worthwhile organization. You'll find it fun to make new toys of old ones.

Your discarded clothes, too, should not just lie around the house; give them to the Community Cupboard, and help some small body to know a little warmth this coming winter.

Thus you can do your part, and you will do your part if Santa's right hand helper, Christmas Spirit, is truly alive in your heart.

STUDENT OPINION

BEAUTY FOR THE BEASTS

(Girl's Viewpoint)

Through the ages woman's one great desire has been to please man. In the caves of the cavemen, scientists have discovered pots of red rouge which supposedly was used as war paint by the men, but I have a sneaking suspicion that more than one young cave-girl put some on to "catch her man."

Unless she is unusually stupid the modern girl has learned how to use cosmetics. She wears lipstick and puts on powder to enhance what beauty she has, not as decoration. To tell the truth, if we were to stop using "artificial aids to beauty," I am afraid the stronger sex would be sadly disillusioned.

I. C. S.

THE CHINESE-JAPANESE WAR

Little by little the United States is becoming involved in the great struggle between Japan and China. One of the surest means to prevent this is to bring our navy home. Should we sacrifice our men, young and old, because of a few citizens who refuse to come home away from the danger? The answer is definitely "No". Let the Americans who insist on remaining in China take care of themselves. By sending our navy there to protect them, we are making Japanese targets of hundreds of our marines, and involving ourselves in another terrible war.

Gerry Andrews

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

(Man's Viewpoint)

In the days of old the harmful ingredients of cosmetics never touched the delicate tissues of the faces of the fair. Today girls cannot go without make-up. Cosmetics are to them what cigarettes are to a man. That is because they do not know how much of their beauty, is being robbed by using cosmetics.

In my opinion cosmetics has never improved any girl. Make-up unless used rightly, will make a girl look older. Girls who want to stay alluring and beautiful, let nature take its course.

C. L. S.

YOUTH AND UNEMPLOYMENT

Thousands of young people graduating each year from our high schools are unable to find gainful employment for at least three or four years. If they find any kind of job it is of an unskilled nature, such as domestic and personal service, working as farm hands or in factories. All skilled occupations require experience; but how are we who are fresh from the schools, to obtain experience unless we receive a fair chance? The ratio of employed youth to all other employed persons is below a fair figure. It is certainly apparent that the privilege of working for one's living is limited to adults as the unequal distribution shows. If this decrease continues something will have to be done for the unemployed youth.

Geraldine McConkey

CANDLE-GLOW

By Janet Shipton

PETER MEZZI turned the pages of his magazine slowly, one by one. He was looking at the advertisements.

"What shall I give my family for Christmas, Dick?"

"God only knows!" his roommate exclaimed, as he lifted the black two from the red three and slapped it down upon the ace of spades. "You're as tight as a clam about yourself and your family. How should I know what they want?"

If Richard Randolph expected an immediate answer, he was disappointed, for Peter's eyes were glued to a small picture on page one hundred three. A small boy's head was in profile and the candle before him lit up his young face with a heart-rending glow. Everything beyond the scope of the candle was darkness.

Peter had known a child like that. Indeed, he could never forget him. Every incident was still as clear to him as the lightning of a night sky in August. It all began back in the dingy, sooty mining town of Rockton, Pennsylvania, when he and Joe, desperate for Christmas funds, had resorted to robbery.

The little curly-headed ragamuffins stole from their own squalid home, and crept with the shadows to the factory district. When they had crawled through the shattered window of one of the main buildings, Peter lit a candle, and amid flickering shadows they made their way to the office. The door was open.

"Where d'ya think the cash box is, Pete?" whispered Joe, scanning as well as he could the frail, wooden walls, the scanty furniture, the row of kerosene lamps and the heaps of paper everywhere.

"I dunno. You feel around in the drawers and I'll look under these papers and things."

As the boy with the candle stepped back to let his accomplice pass, he bumped into something on the wall, and it crashed to the floor with the sound of breaking glass. Naturally,

he dropped to his knees, holding the flame low to see what he had done—boom!! The skin on the little fellow's face and hands blistered and curled up. He had never known such pain. It ate, and ate, and ate.

"Help! Joe, help me! Where are ya? Help! Somebody help me!"

Somebody did. Strong, steady arms lifted Peter from that scalding, burning agony, and he floated away into cool, soothing oblivion.

Peter Mezzi moved his legs. He wasn't floating any more; he was on a firm, smooth bed. His head and hands felt unnaturally stiff and heavy.

"Hello, Peter. This is Ma. Are you all right?"

The boy's only living parent had been sitting humbly at her son's bedside, waiting anxiously for a sound—any sound—to part those precious lips and assure her of her son's safety. She had spoken to him each time he stirred, praying that he would answer her. This time it wasn't in vain.

"Sure, Ma. Sure I'm all right. Where am I?"

The nurse's vision became misty, and blurred strangely as she caught the crowded expression of relief, gratitude and unbounded love that flashed across Mrs. Mezzi's troubled face. The mother continued to talk, so delighted was she at the sound of the youth's voice. "You're in a hospital, dear. They brought you here after the explosion. What did you do it for? Joe was scared to death and he ran right over to our flat and told me all about it."

Peter evaded the question. "What's the matter with my eyes, Ma?" he asked, clawing at his face with his bandaged right fist.

"They're all tied up, son. If you're a good boy, the doctor's going to take the bandages off them for Christmas. It's only three days away."

"Gee, Ma! Will I be home for Christmas?"

The answer formed a huge lump that stuck

in Mrs. Mezzi's throat. Peter had so few good times at home and he was only thirteen. The boy's question was so earnest, so full of hope, that the nurse responded from her station of silent vigil: "I'm afraid not, Peter. You were burned quite badly, and we can't let you go home until you're all well."

Her bony frame quivering with sobs, the widow rose and stumbled blindly out of the ward.

Two days of darkness dragged by very slowly for Peter Mezzi. The first was the worst, because he refused to let the nurse read to him, so he spent the whole day in boyish meditation.

"I'm no baby," he complained. "Only babies get read to."

Meditation grew pretty tiresome, Peter found, after a whole day of it. The following day, much to his inner disgust, he swallowed his pride and asked for a story. The great day finally arrived and Dr. Phillips removed all darkness from Peter's eyes. This was his blessing on Christmas Day! He wondered if Ma and the kids were as happy as he.

The poor boy from the tenement house didn't mind seeing other children open presents; he was used to that sort of thing. He and his family had never had much of anything for Christmas. They had always been more or less content with some food and a glorious love for each other. He knew he wouldn't receive any gift, but it wouldn't matter as long as Ma could find a few minutes to come down and wish him a "merry Christmas!"

It was already dusk when he spied her coming down the hall. As Peter watched her approach, he wondered if that was what an angel looked like. Her face was wreathed in smiles, and it was only the gauze and adhesive tape that kept his from breaking into a grin.

"Merry Christmas, Peter!"

"Merry Christmas, Ma! Look, I can see!"

"Yes," said the mother, trying to repress her excitement, "and I brought you a present. Here, I'll unwrap it for you." Her fingers picked daintily at the ribbon, then impatiently yanked at it and broke it. Tissue

paper rustled, tore and crinkled. "It's a red candle in a blue stand," she said quietly. "I thought you'd like something you could watch."

As she set it on the bed-side table with her left hand, she thrust her right deep into the pocket of the worn black coat and drew forth a match. This she struck on the sole of her left shoe, being careful to hold her foot down, so no one would see the wretched hole in it. When the wick had burst into flame, Peter's mother bent down and kissed him. "I'll be back in a few days to take you home, son." Then she faded into the night.

If Peter had thought he was staring reverently at that spear of light, he would have turned his eyes quickly away. It was so straight; the light was so pure. It always pointed toward Heaven and it never stopped burning. It *was* rather pretty. In fact it was almost beautiful. It made him think of God. Purity, ambition, signs of success—all were there.

At this moment an inexpressible change took place in Peter's brain. The candle was so impressive, alone there in the dark, that he couldn't help reacting. He determined to make his life just as striking as the scene before him.

Peter Mezzi was doing that very thing. He had finished high school with honors and had won a two-year scholarship at the Pennsylvania School of Journalism. He was just beginning his second year and had already earned the title, among his professors and fellow students, of "the most promising journalist" at college.

The picture of that burning candle was branded on his mind for life. The glow of a candle had ruined his chances of ever having a criminal record and had given him the key to a life that Ma and God would be proud of.

"Come on, Pete, snap out of it! Have you decided what to give your family for Christmas yet?" Dick was evidently annoyed at the interval of silence.

"What? Oh—sure," Pete replied absently.

Peter Mezzi heaved a long sigh and turned to page one hundred four.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

By A. Herbert Boyajian

AMONG the many incidents connected with the birth of Christ, the one which intrigues our imagination the most perhaps, is the Star of Bethlehem. No one knows exactly what the spectacular display was that captivated the imaginations of the Magi who saw it under the skies of Babylonia and were thus informed of the coming of the great King.

As no one can explain this phenomenon, and the Bible does not tell us what it was, it is delightful to use our imagination to find an answer. Was the Star of Bethlehem a nova, that is, a star that had suddenly jumped from a faint magnitude to a conspicuous brilliancy due to an internal explosion? Was it a comet with a beautiful long tail and a bright head pointed in the direction of Bethlehem? Was it a beautiful display of northern lights, which, under favorable circumstances, had traveled as far south as Palestine? Was it an unusual shower of meteorites dashing in the direction of Bethlehem? Or, was it the grouping together of some planets or stars in a beautiful design, maybe a crown, which announced to the Magi the birth of the King of Kings?

We may wonder what the astronomer has to say on this interesting subject. To find out, let us go in imagination to the Hayden Planetarium in New York on the initial day of its opening. It is the month of December and the hall is packed with people expecting an exciting and educational program. Well, they are not going to be disappointed. As it is near Christmas it is appropriate that the subject of the lecture concern the nearing Christmas holiday, and we find that the lecturer has actually chosen for his subject the Star of Bethlehem. As you know, the planetarium has a most wonderful instrument which can project inside the dome of the hall an exact reproduction of the sky on any clear night. This strange device has the ability to

reproduce the sky not only as it appears now, but also as it appeared thousands of years ago, and as it will appear thousands of years hence. As we wish to know how the sky appeared during the time of Christ's birth, the lecturer turns the sky backward, backward, until we reach the year 6 B. C. Then we witness a strange appearance in the sky. Three of the biggest planets, namely, Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars, have come close enough together to look like a single large and unusually brilliant celestial object blazing in the sky . . . a phenomenon known as conjunction. The wise men of Babylonia, seeing this most impressive display in the sky, may well have concluded that it heralded the birth of the Greatest King of them all.

Although this beautiful astronomical demonstration in the planetarium gives a scientific basis for the Star of Bethlehem, and although I was delighted in seeing it with my own eye and felt proud in having shared with the Magi the glorious display which they must have seen, still, when I came out of the planetarium, I decided that that was not the Star of Bethlehem. How could it have been? The lecturer told us that this conjunction takes place every eight hundred years. But a Christ is not born every eight hundred years. The Star of Bethlehem was never seen before Christ's birth, has never since been seen, and never will be seen again.

The Star of Bethlehem has moved away from the sky.

Whither?

The Bible says, "... and lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over the place where the young child was."

The star shone over the Earth; at Bethlehem first, and, since then, at each Christmas season, it shines in every home which celebrates Christ's birth.

BELLS

By J. Duker

THE moon shone clearly down upon the snow-covered valley. On either side the hills rose majestically in their white splendor. In the middle of the valley a road wound its way between the sloping hills, reminding one of a river. Bells rang in the distance; bright, tinkling, melodious little bells that made one think of Christmas which would come on the morrow. The distant chimes came nearer and nearer. Soon a black horse appeared pulling a light sleigh. An old, white-haired—but still vigorous—man sat in the sleigh, thoughtfully chewing a quid of tobacco, and at intervals spitting a spray of tobacco juice which stained the white crystalline snow on the roadside.

Abner Walters, the richest man in the small village of Mountindale, Maine, slumped contentedly in the seat of the sleigh.

"Great horse is Bessy," he mused, "had to outsmart Lem Hollen to get 'er too."

At the thought of Lem Hollen, his eyes grew hard, and his jaw set. Once Lem had been his buddy and partner, but now he was his enemy. There was what one might call a feud between Abner Walters and Lemuel Hollen—a feud which resulted in Abner's becoming the richest man in the village and in Lem's financial decline. But Ab was not entirely the winner, for his only son Robert was, in his father's words, "a blinkin' simp", while Lem's boy Will, was a "fine, upstandin' lad". The feud had started over the boys, and Abner admitted—but only to himself—that he was wrong. Abner wanted to make up, and so did Lem, but they were both too stubborn and proud to give in. Both boys, the cause of the trouble, had gone to New York, and both had been fairly successful. Neither of the two had ever re-visited his home town, and, as a result, both Abner and Lem had spent fifteen lonely and solitary years. Now as Abner's sleigh slid over the smooth snow, a

far off locomotive whistle roused him from his reverie.

"Gotta hurry if'n I want to meet Bob's boy. I wonder what he's like; he must be a simpleton like his father—hump."

Robert had sent his son to his father for the Christmas holiday, and the boy was arriving that night.

The sleigh went on; the man fell to dreaming again. Suddenly the horse stopped. Abner looked up; he had arrived at the railroad station. He slowly got out of the sleigh; carefully tied the horse to a rail of the station piazza; and noisily stamped into the station. He walked over to the men who were gossiping around the stove.

"Hello, Ab."

"Howdy, boys. Nice night.—Train ain't in yet, eh?"

"Nope—she'll be in in a minute."

"My boy's son is comin' from New York, and I came to meet him."

"Nice boy?"

"Ain't seen him yet—how should I know?"

"How long's he gonna stay?"

"A couple of weeks, I guess. He's got to go back to school, y'know."

"How've you been makin' out lately?"

"Fairly well, fairly well."

A bell—much louder than a sleigh bell—stopped their gossip.

"Well, here's your train, Ab."

Abner hurried out to the platform. He was anxious to get a look at his grandson. The train slowly came to a stop. The doors opened, and a nine year old boy stepped out, carrying a heavy suitcase. Abner hurried to him. "Nice lookin' lad—nothin' like his father," he thought.

"Hello, Jim, my boy."

The boy looked up and smiled.

"Are you my grandfather?"

"Yep—that's me all right."

"Hello, Grandpa."

They shook hands.

Abner said, "Well, come on, son, we gotta get home."

Abner went out, followed by the boy who looked at the stove conference with an awed expression.

"G'by, Abner."

"Goodnight, boys," was the cheerful, but laconic reply.

Grandfather and grandson came to the sleigh.

"Well hop in, Jim, m' boy."

Both climbed in; Abner covered himself and the boy with a horse blanket, picked up the reins, and said, "Giddap, Bess."

"Well, we're almost there, Jim. You know, you don't look like your father;—he looks like a simpleton."

"My father doesn't look like a simpleton."

"Mabey he don't to you, but—"

"He doesn't."

"You need spectacles then, m'boy, 'cause if anyone ever looked like a simp, my boy does—even if I am his father."

The boy was getting angry. "You're crazy," he blurted.

"What!—you're a little too spunky, my lad, a little too spunky."

"Well, my father ain't a simp.—And he doesn't look like one;—he's handsome."

Abner burst out laughing at the thought of his son being considered nice-looking. The kid certainly was a funny one—but a nice one. Abner had begun to like his grandson, although he had never liked his grandson's father.

"Ya know, Jim m'lad, you do remind me of someone, but I can't think of whom.—Must be a distant relative."

The sleigh continued up the white road with the bells tinkling merrily.

It was late at night. Abner and Jimmy were still up, talking about the oncoming

holiday. Abner liked his grandson, and he could see that the boy liked him.

"Yep, tomorrow we'll go out and let you pick out our Christmas turkey."

"I won't have to kill it myself, will I, Grampa?"

"Do you want to?"

"No."

"Then you won't have to."

The boy smiled; so did Abner. "Bright boy," he thought.

"How old are you, Jimmy?"

"Nine."

"Hm—I thought you were younger than that. I guess I'm gettin' old;—I don't know what I'm about."

Abner looked into the fire. It was the first time in fifteen years he had a visitor. He experienced a warm glow of satisfaction at the thought of having such a nice, upstanding boy for a grandson.

(Continued on Page 12)

MY WOODLAND GOD

By Isabelle C. Sayles

Oh, his hair was gold and his eyes were blue

And his body was lithe and slim.

I fell in love with a woodland god

And gave my heart to him.

We sang of love 'neath the white, white moon;

We told our love to the sea;

We kissed the hearts of many a flower,

But he broke the heart of me.

We loved the songs of plumaged birds;

We lay in the arms of trees;

We laughed in glee with the fairy folk,

And danced with the evening breeze.

We worshipped the stars in the heavens high,

But he sobbed when the wind made moan

And ran away, my mystic god,

And left me here alone.

Jimmy broke his reverie, "What's that, Grampa?"

"What?"

"Those bells;—don't you hear 'em?"

"B'gosh—you're right. Who could be comin' this way this time of the night?"

The bells drew nearer. Abner rushed into his bedroom and emerged with his hunting rifle.

A horse drew up in front of the house. Footsteps approached the house. They were heard upon the steps, they drew near the door. Someone knocked.

"Open the door Jim; but get in back of it. Are you afraid, boy?"

Jim walked fearlessly toward the door. Again Abner experienced a glow of satisfaction as the boy approached the door.

Abner raised his rifle and trained it on the door.

"Open it, Jim."

Jim drew back the bolt and opened the door. Lem Hollen, Abner's enemy, stood on the threshold.

"Whadya want here?"

"I came to get my grandson who came from New York; read this."

He gave Abner a telegram which read:

"Jim not coming stop caught cold stop Merry christmas

Bob

Abner whirled around to Jimmy.

"What's your name, boy?"

"James Hollen—my father's William Hollen."

Abner Walters staggered back. Now he knew where he had seen the boy before. He was the "spittin' image" of Lem Hollen when he was a lad! Ab slumped dejectedly in a chair.

"Well," he said with a weak wave of his hand, "take 'im."

Then he added, "Nice boy, your grandson. Looks just like you when we were lads."

Lem smiled at the happy memories; but Abner wasn't smiling—he was thinking of having his Christmas dinner alone for the fifteenth time;—after all the rosy plans he had made for Jimmy and himself. Suddenly his jaw set, and tears welled into his eyes.

"Say, Lem, why don't you and Jimmy come up and have Christmas dinner with me? I got a nice, plump turkey."

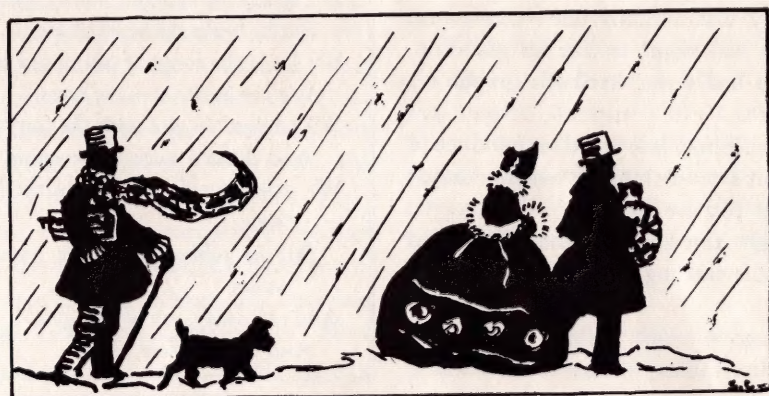
Tears rose in Lem's eyes, and he said, "Sure; I'll be glad to."

They looked at each other.

"Well Ab—I guess Jimmy 'n me will be going; Good Night."

They shook hands.

Abner sat down in his chair with a smile on his weather beaten features. In the distance he could hear a merry, melodious tinkle as Lem's sleigh made its way over the shiny white road.



IT'S GOING TO BE A LONG, HARD WINTER

By Edith Moore

IT was a bright, early fall morning. The sun streamed in through the high windows of the small office and fell upon a young man who was sprawled in a huge office chair, his feet perched on the desk. A heavy mop of dark, wavy hair fell over his face, shading his eyes from the light. He was asleep.

The telephone on the desk rang insistently, again and again. Finally he stirred, yawned lazily, dropped his feet from their comfortable position, and reached for the instrument.

"Hello. Lawyer J. P. Thompson's office," he drawled sleepily. He hoped that his brother did not want another loan.

Suddenly his eyes opened wide, he pushed his hair back from his face with a quick sweep, he was fully awake. "Yes mam—no mam—at twelve o'clock then—I'll tell him when he comes in—" He was not trying to be funny—he was being very serious! He slammed the receiver back on the hook—after the other person had broken the connection—and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

He looked about him. Gosh! this office was a mess. He jumped up and started throwing papers from his desk into the wastebasket; on second thought he picked them out again, smoothed them out, and placed them back on his desk in a neat pile.

He stood up straight; snapped his fingers. "I've got to have a secretary!" he said aloud to himself, a habit his continual loneliness had formed. He called an employment agency, and was assured that a competent secretary would be at his office within a short time.

Then he cleaned the little office and adjoining waiting-room. After he had swept, dusted, and picked up until he felt like a young bride on the maid's first day out, he sat down and proudly looked over the room which he now hardly recognized as the office of an hour ago.

"When the secretary comes," he mused,

"I'll let her wait a while—make her think I'm important."

"You needn't bother—I know you are," said an amused girlish voice from the doorway.

The young lawyer looked up and faced the intruder, a question in his eye.

"I'm Ella Saunders, your new secretary—I hope," said the girl smiling.

She had flaming hair under a saucy little green hat, a tiny straight nose, a firm chin, and eyes that sparkled with a sense of humor.

Clearing his throat, J. P. stammered, "I—I think I ought to tell you the truth—"

Ella Saunders straightened her silly little hat and drew on her gloves. "Don't mind me, Mister. If I ever do land a job, I'll probably drop dead of shock! Well, it's been nice knowing you." She turned on a high heel and was at the outer door before he realized what was happening, and ran after her. He reached her as she was about to leave; caught her arm, and looking anxiously into her puzzled face, explained.

"Look. I passed my bar exams a year ago. Since then I've had this office which I use to eat and sleep in, and to entertain guests," he said bitterly, "—intimate friends who eat my food and borrow my money." She liked the changing expressions that appeared in his face as he talked. "Now, today," he added hurriedly, excitedly, "today, I think I've got a client." He beamed, but under her admiring gaze his eyes dropped, and he hastened to say, "It's nothing much, just a little money matter—but it's a client! She's coming at twelve to place her business matters in my hands'. That means money pouring in all winter and Christmas is coming!" Then hopefully, "Will you stick?"

"I'll stick!" she laughed, offering her hand. He took it to seal the agreement, gratitude shining in his boyish face, then he led her back into the office.

She looked about her and whistled softly under her breath. "Boy! you certainly do need a secretary, don't you?" she cried.

She set to work immediately. With a few small changes she transformed the little office from an empty showroom to a prosperous business center. She had the young man move the small desk away from the large one to a corner on the other side of the room, near the door. There she created a tiny office for herself. Then she moved the typewriter from his desk to her own; sat down, and toyed at the keys.

Across the room, J. P. settled down in his chair where he could watch her. After admiring her energy for a while he proceeded to go to sleep. When he awoke he found her shaking him frantically.

"Wake up! Wake up! Oh wake up!" she cried. "It's a quarter to twelve!"

He started, opened his eyes, smiled and was on his feet. He looked fresh as a baby after a nap. She wanted to smile at her young employer, but soon had herself in hand. She was angry—did he want to spoil everything?

"Comb your hair," she ordered, as she straightened his tie. This young man really needed some looking after. Just her bum luck to land a job like this!

When J. P. looked respectable again, he asked her to repeat the time. But she didn't have to answer. They heard the outer door open and close. J. P. paled, clung to the desk for support, and begged with his eyes for help. She motioned him to his chair, leaned over his desk, and whispered, "We'll let her wait for a while—you know, make her think you're important!" She hurried to the door, winked over her shoulder at the anxious young man, and went cheerfully to meet the client, closing the door after her!

Soon she returned—alone! J. P. unable to make a sound, threw out his hands in question. Ella smiled and motioned him not to speak, then sat down at her desk and started pounding the keys of the typewriter. J. P. saw that the door between the office and the

waiting-room was open—the client could hear them! That was probably why Ella was banging so heartily on that darned machine. J. P. took the hint and started rustling papers industriously.

Finally she came over to his desk. "A Mrs. Wallace to see you, sir. She says she has an appointment. Can you see her now?"

J. P.'s eyes smiled into the dancing ones of the girl as he answered, "Yes, I believe I can see her now!"

Miss Saunders went out again, and soon returned with a little old lady whom J. P. loved on sight. She was richly dressed in a severe old-fashioned style, and had a waft of pure white, soft-looking hair under an old fashioned bonnet. Her face wore a sweet, motherly smile as J. P. came around his desk and helped her to a chair.

Her faded old blue eyes glowed as she watched him. How handsome, straight, and tall he was!

She told him that she had known his father.

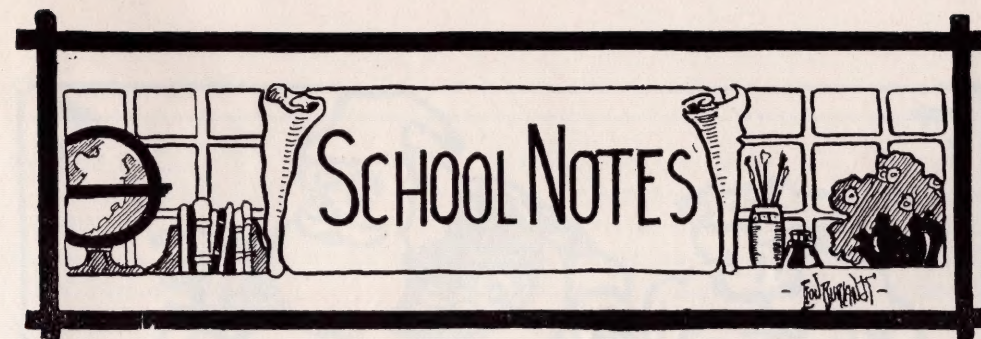
"There was a lawyer! You'll have to go some to beat old J. P.!" she cried, her eyes glowing anew at the thought of the elder man.

She said that she would have come sooner, had she known where the boy was. She wanted to place all of her business in his hands if he would take it. She explained that she was doing this in respect to his father and in confidence that he would be like him. If he would take it!

"Do you think you could?" she asked hopefully. "It really isn't much, and I'd pay you well. It would please me so much."

He smiled at the little old lady, and assured her that he was free to handle her affairs at the moment! They settled the matter quickly and the lady was surprised to find his fee so small. He then escorted her to the door, but before she left, she stood on tiptoe and whispered, "I've told some friends about your father; they'd like to meet you. I—I've told them to come. As a favor to me, could you handle some things for them, too?"

(Continued on Page 19)



SOPHOMORE NOTES

In the Community Fund Contest preliminaries the Sophs made a fine showing. This proves to the upper classmen that the Sophs are capable of upholding the honor of their class.

Bruce MacDonald's speech was of great interest to the Sophs. They're still wondering why he was so fatherly with such good advice. It's a little late though. We Sophs stopped paying attention to upper classmen long ago.

With the social whirl starting, the majority of the Sophs are taking out their knitting. That's the price we pay for being Sophomores.

The Big Apple dance craze has struck Pittsfield High. Remember the song "The Love Bug Will Get you?" Well, now they're singing "The Big Apple Will Get You."

Virginia Weir

JUNIOR NOTES

The Junior B class, which was recently organized, is one of the largest classes ever to enter Pittsfield High, and to all appearances promises to be one of the best.

The following officers have been elected:

President	Ralph Renzi
Vice President	Chas. Downey
Secretary	Jane Menard
Treasurer	Jane Hanley

Mr. Geary has been chosen as Class Adviser.

Our class has something which no other has. We have an Eagle Scout whose picture adorned the front page of the second section of *The Eagle* recently. Jack Talbot is this worthy representative of the Junior B class.

Again we outshine the other classes. Recently Junior B Edward Sullivan won the Community Chest Speaking Contest. Congratulations!

Rosemary Sclater, the well-known actress and song-writer, is developing talents along other lines as well. Miss Nagle is quite impressed with her drawing ability. She is also an A number 1 Latin student as her classmates will agree.

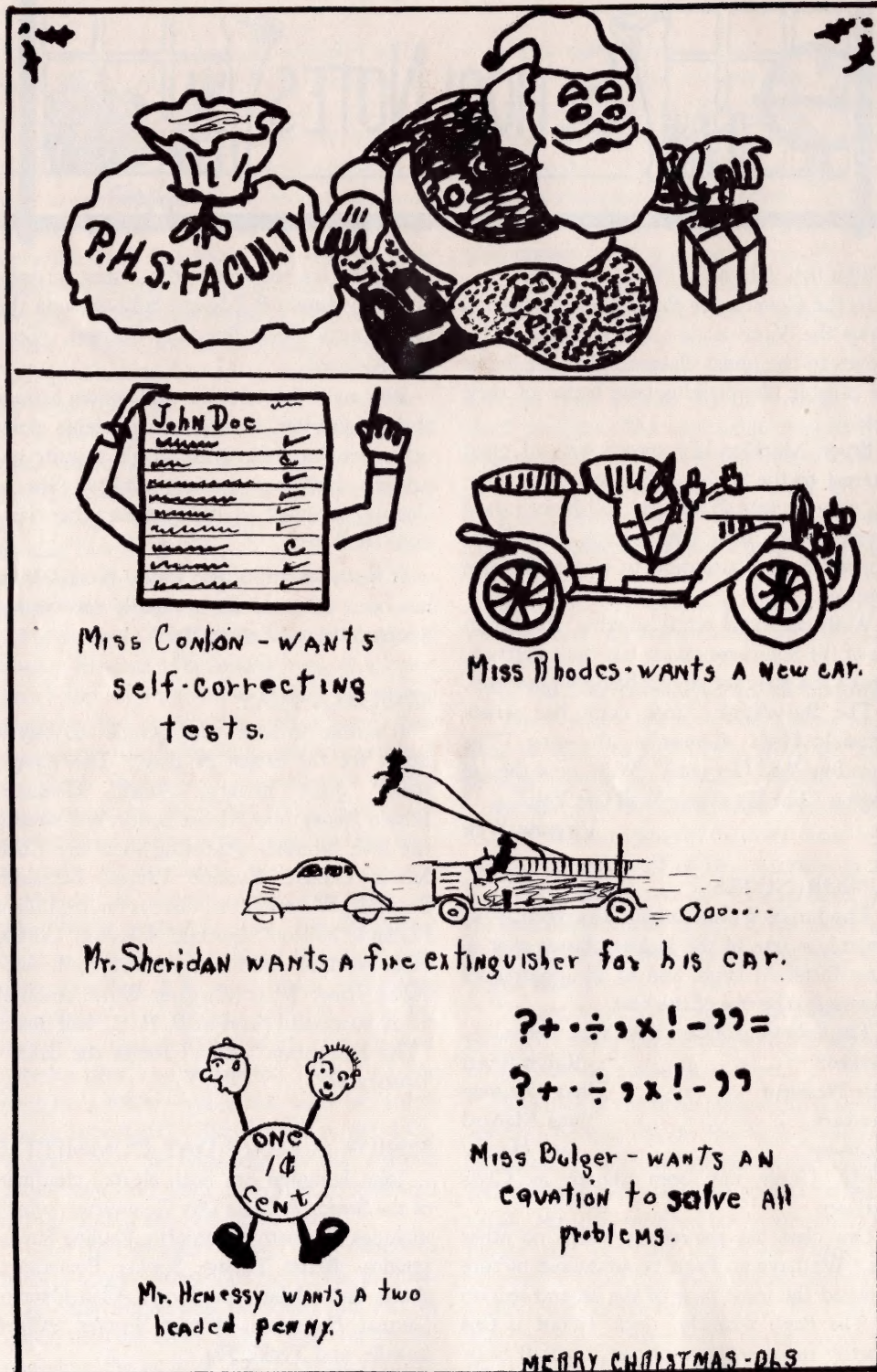
Robert Martin of the Junior B class, who has been seriously ill, is rapidly recovering. Keep up the good work, Bob!

SENIOR A PLAY

It's time to save your pennies to buy a ticket for the Senior A play, "The Kangaroos." Julia Ziemba, Amelia Ciaburri, Edwin Reder, and Albert Laurin will supply the love interest. Assisting them are Ruth Marie Cullen, Yvonne Laurin, Benjamin Bookless, Warren Hine, Gladys Smith, Lillian Ferland, Milton Lipschitz, Clayton Curtis, Dorothea Dee, and Frances Beitzel in the supporting cast. Miss Margaret Ward, coach of many successful plays at P. H. S., will direct "The Kangaroos." Don't forget the date—January 14.

SENIOR A CLASS DAY COMMITTEE

John Langdon has been elected chairman of the Senior A Class Day Committee, which includes Elizabeth Adornetto, Pauline Supranowicz, Betty Young, Sophia Pomerantz, Anita Bava, Marie Bradway, Allan Cowan, Gunnar Hagstrom, Robert Brower, Alfred Lavalie, and Teckla Pia.



IN THE FACULTY CHRISTMAS STOCKING FOR

MR. STROUT—A larger auditorium for Pittsfield High School.

MR. FORD—Health, to do his work.

MISS PARKER—A stile over the schoolyard fence from her house so she can come directly from home to the school.

MR. J. McKENNA—A new jokebook for future football rallies.

MISS CONLIN—Self correcting tests.

MR. REAGAN—Some new ideas.

MISS MUSGROVE—Just some snow.

MR. MURRAY—A continuation of the Christmas spirit throughout the year.

MISS POWER—A sunshiny day with plenty of snow.

MR. C. McMAHON—A memorandum.

MISS KELLY—A February vacation twice, between Christmas and Easter.

MR. LEAHY—A Packard.

MISS BULGER—An equation to solve all problems.

MR. HENNESSEY—A penny with a head on both sides.

MISS JORDAN—An arrangement whereby half the room is hot and the other half cold, so as to please every one.

MR. SHERIDAN—A fire extinguisher for his car.

MISS CASEY—Roller skates for all boys so that they won't have to run in the corridors.

MISS RHOADES—A new car to replace the antique she now drives.

SOPHOMORE SWIMMING TEAM

The girls who will probably compete with their worthy sisters in the meet of December 17, are as follows:

Diving: Virginia Retallick, Ruth Raynor;
Crawl Stroke: Ruth Raynor, Barbara Dincen, Lillian Blair, Margaret Ward, Helen Organ;
Breast Stroke: Barbard Gaylord, Virginia Retallick, Marjorie Sayles, Betty Wade; Back Crawl: Margaret Ward, Helen Organ, Barbara Gaylord, Ruth Guttormsen.

HERE AND THERE

While two girls in 150 were comfortably seated for an intimate fireside chat, a little gray mouse poked his head up through the grill in the univent, much to the consternation (?) of all.

Miss Rhodes was giving dictation to her class. "We'll start with Roman numeral A," said she. At last the infallible Rhodes has fallen.

When asked by a guest how he liked his present teacher, Woof replied, "Oh, he's a good egg, but I'd like to see him scrambled."

Have you heard the news? It is rumored that Mr. Smith is planning to have a concert of the band, orchestra, and chorus some time before Christmas. Do you believe it?

Recently seen on the board in 137—das Lebensversicherungsgesellschaftsgebäude. P. S. It means Life Insurance Building.

Who is the cave man who giggles through his history classes in 206, carries a pillow when going to the movies, and whose latest hobby is bringing the roses to Miss Kaliher's cheeks. I'll give you a mere hint—his picture appeared in November's Who's Who.

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

A Motion Picture Club open to all classes has been organized with thirty-eight charter members. The club will study a picture a month on the three-meeting per month basis, one meeting preceding and one meeting following attendance at the picture, for discussion purposes. The club has chosen as the picture for this month "Ebb Tide."

The officers of the club are as follows:

President	Jane Bevan
Vice President	Barbara Hanley
Secretary	Jack Duker
Treasurer	Beatrice Ritchie
Chairman of Program Committee	Evelyn Palme

Librarian . . . Augusta Smith

Miss Laura Hodges of the English Department is the adviser. Membership is still open.



The Christmas turkey is made up entirely of Shorthand outlines. It was designed in Miss Newton's Shorthand class by Alice Nasimento, one of the Commercial students. The outline of the turkey is written with Shorthand outlines, and the left and right side borders consist of the Shorthand words "there is" and "those." The short story, "The Sad Fate of Mr. Turkey," is written with the correct Shorthand symbols for each word.

THE DEBATING CLUB

It is a pity that more students of P. H. S. do not take advantage of the discussions and debates which take place each week in the Debating Society. Even those not participating receive the same instructions in public speaking that one would have to pay for elsewhere. Even grown people have now realized the value of being able to stand squarely on their feet and express their opinions.

Not only does debating develop moral courage, but the discussions are educational and entertaining. "Should colleges offer special inducements?" "Should alien employees of the Public Works Department be discharged?" "Should Justice Black retain his seat in the Supreme Court?" "Should national elections be non-partisan?" What do you think about these questions? Surely any member of the Debating Club student body would not be at a loss to talk for five minutes, extemporaneously, on any one of them.

Edward Sullivan

SENIOR HI-Y NEWS

On November 23, the Senior Hi-Y Club held a discussion on "School Spirit." It was decided that P. H. S. was lacking greatly in this field. The idea of the discussion was to find a way by which to promote better school spirit among the students. During the discussion it was suggested that the Senior Hi-Y Club should take leadership in all school activities. The main ways by which this was to be done was to promote new ideas in the High School; to start the ball rolling in all school ac-

tivities, and to form an Intra-Mural Council.

The Senior Hi-Y Club was very fortunate in obtaining Coach Stewart as their adviser. Although he is new in this line of work, the coach has proved himself to be very popular and efficient.

In response to an appeal by the Community Clothes Cupboard for help, the club has willingly offered its services to assist in distributing contribution cards.

Gordon Barrett, Budd Weeks, Richard Hanley

IT'S GOING TO BE A LONG, HARD WINTER

(Continued from Page 14)

He smiled down at the woman and replied, "Well, I suppose I could work them in—as a favor to you." She thanked him, and left the office, humbly grateful!

Outside the door, the old lady stopped and glanced back knowingly.

"He's just like his father," she mused, "always putting on airs, and making a body think he was important when he was starving! But I suppose he'll go to the top as his father did. It did my heart good to see him, he looks so much like old J. P. There was a man!—Well, I'm glad I had a hand in giving his boy a start." She wiped a tear from an old blue eye, and hurriedly left the building.

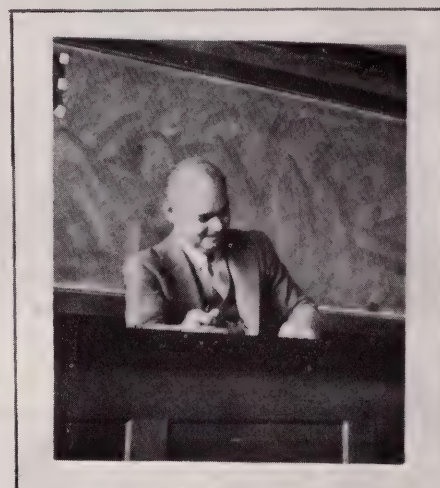
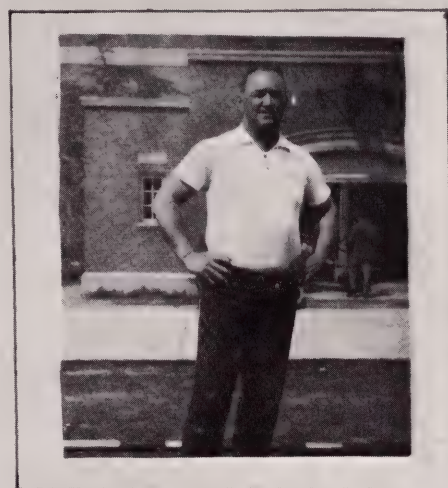
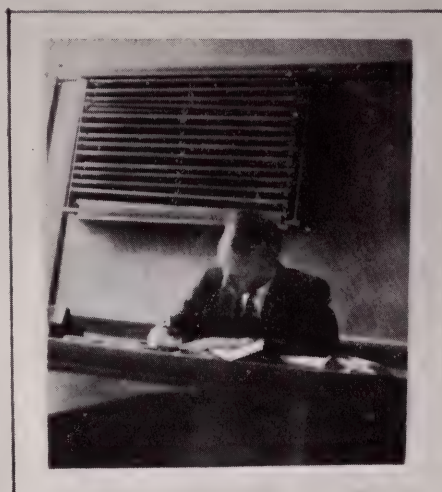
Back in his office, J. P. went to his desk and pretended to be interested in some papers Mrs. Wallace had left. He did not want Ella to see his face when he felt like this. He had not known that such wonderful women existed! His father *must* have been a great man!

Ella, at her own desk, wiped away a sentimental tear.

"I must be slipping," she thought, "but he certainly does need help, he's so dumb—and dear."

Their eyes met, and they smiled. Ella clutched her notebook and pencil and strode swiftly across the room. "Need any help, sir?" she asked gayly. Then cheery, youthful laughter filled the small room.

THE CANDID CAMERA



M.H.L.

December, 1937

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The Candid Camera

Milton Lipshitz

Sophia Pomerantz

BOOK-KEEPER

"Keeper of the books"—that's Miss Ruth E. Wittan, representative of the Berkshire Athenaeum, who spends from three to four days a week in our own high school library. She's one woman who knows all the answers. Answers to your questions may be found in Miss Wittan's column in the Eagle "Ask Your Librarian". She knows all, sees all, tells all, but doesn't let you say a word. (Not in the library, anyway). Most of our informational compositions would amount to naught if it weren't for the excellent help she has rendered to most of us. All reference material seems to be at the tips of her fingers at all times just waiting to be asked for.

MYSTERY MAN

Mr. James Meehan is the man who not only teaches history, but creates it. Right now in room 147 he is making history, his brain continually throbbing with novel ideas. Recently he conceived a plan by which a study hall might be run like a jail. As yet, he has not disclosed the exact arrangement. To him, life is just a song with men like Hearst the only discords. Mr. Meehan has an adventurous streak, a remnant of his boyhood days. He says that he doesn't wish to give us too much personal information for this column. He'd rather be spectacular and be looked upon as the "Mystery Man of P. H. S."

THANKSGIVING ORATOR

The "grand old man of P. H. S." John Carmody has been called not infrequently. Before his entrance upon his present career in our high school as boys' physical director, he attained outstanding heights in athletics at Holy Cross, and served in the army during the World War. Recently we have also become acquainted with the singularity of his oratorical potency. What would a pre-Thanksgiving football rally be without our beloved coach twisting our hearts within us by his eloquent outbursts of emotion, his pleas for a sign of our true colors (purple and white)? His military experience seems to have left a lasting impression, for he knows no analogy which does not include the army. It usually starts with "Now when I was in the army—". Above all, Coach Carmody has the admiration of all his boys, and he is devoted to them.

TARZAN OF P. H. S.

"A man after my own voice" Tarzan would say were he in one of Harold Lynch's physics classes in room 330; but that is as far as the comparison extends, for Harold Lynch has no particular fancy for animals—especially Miss Downs' dog, Lenox. It seems that the two aren't on speaking terms at present. Mr. Lynch's present means of transportation is of Studebaker make and can best be described as resembling Jack Benny's "Maxwell". For relaxation our devoted physics teacher studies the idiosyncrasies of his furnace, and breaks four pointers a day (part of the process of impressing his students with the importance of physics). All humor aside, Mr. Harold Lynch deserves laudation for the very excellent results he accomplishes through his department.

And Why

JUDY

Secretary of the Senior A class, member of the Tri-Hi, and a leading lady of the Senior play—that is Julia Ziemba. (Judy to you). She is another champion in the crusade for the rights of gum-chewers, short skirts, and good jokes. Dish-washing and high heels do not appeal to her. Judy now spends much of her spare time in a bake shop claiming that she is undecided as to her aim in life; but Miss Ziemba has qualities which will take her far.

GABLE

The newest 1938 edition of Clark Gable is Edwin "Flash" Reder, leading man of the Senior play, "The Kangaroos." He likes ice cream, and strangely enough, domineering history teachers. (In 206?) Reder's hobby is collecting money, yet he dislikes gambling. His usual complacent nature can only be ruffled by knitters and fussy feminine shoe customers. Although a fine actor, Edwin intends to devote four years at Harvard to a course of business advertising.

JOURNALIST

She is Vice President of the Debating Club, member of the Senior A Class Day Committee and an indispensable member of THE PEN Staff. Who is she? Why none other than Sophia Pomerantz, great admirer of Eddie Cantor, Chopin, and good music. She dislikes fish, short lunch periods, and candid camera men. (Be careful, Milton!) After graduation, she and Priscilla (her pet violin, and constant companion) are going away to school where Sophia will study to become a second Dorothy Thompson.

BUCK JONES FAN

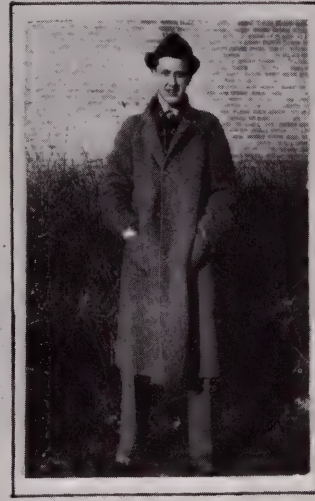
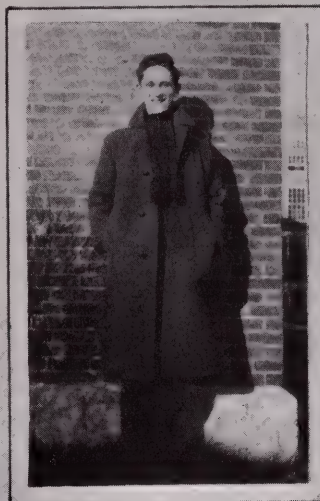
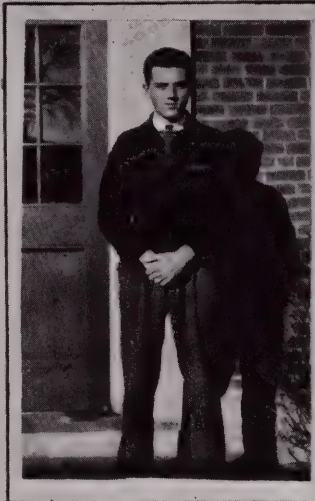
Buck Jones still has one fan in the Junior A class president—Neil Connolly. He's the rough and ready type, having no use for dancing, posing for pictures, and long speeches. A hamburger to Neil is what a fourth leg is to a square chair. During the season, he was on the football squad, but now his favorite pastime is driving his new 1938 Chevrolet and playing the radio. Only a Junior A, Neil has already carved a niche for himself in P. H. S.

JUST ZITA

She has no nickname, but her title is Secretary of the Junior A class; otherwise she is just Zita Porro. A brief conversation with her will reveal her ardor for Errol Flynn, Eddie Duchin, and pineapple pie, but you may also learn that Greta Garbo causes nervous breakdowns, and that drawing chemistry diagrams is not her idea of a good time. Zita belongs to the Tri-Hi and is a member of the Prom ticket committee.

"LANKY"

Lester "Lanky" Brown, chairman of the Senior B ring committee, has a nickname befitting him. He is slim and is about six feet, three inches in height. "Lanky" claims that he is a pessimist in that already he is a confirmed bachelor, eats only to live, doesn't care for music, and abhors girl reporters. However, Lester must be a peculiar brand of pessimist with a continual smile on his face and an affinity for Spanish and English. He believes in aiming high, for his ambition is to be president of the United States.





1937 FOOTBALL TEAM

Courtesy of P. H. S. Varsity Alumni



PITTSFIELD 27—POUGHKEEPSIE 0

Robert C. Moore

On November 6, bouncing up from their Drury setback with amazing force, the Purple and White caught Poughkeepsie in a swirling offensive and swept the Blue Warriors before them for their biggest array of points this season, 27-0.

With a score in every period resulting from sustained marches smoothly executed, Pittsfield left no doubt of the outcome after the first drive. Once again the visiting team was treated to a Hagstrom scoring spree. Not only did Gunner score nineteen and account for six more, but in the second period, he booted a seventy-two-yard kick out in the coffin corner. Besides that, he made two sparkling runbacks of intercepted passes.

In the first period Hagstrom climaxed a forty-five yard drive down the field with a sweeping five-yard dash around end. Joe Renzi added the point. Late in the second period Pittsfield travelled forty-five yards in eight plays, and again Hagstrom counted. He circled end and, running hard, cut back through the secondary for twenty yards and the score. Early in the third period the Purple and White reverted to their opportunist role when Joe Albano captured a Blue fumble on the Poughkeepsie thirty-three. In two plays Renzi had passed to Hagstrom for twenty-two yards and a first down on the nine. In another two, Hagstrom made six around end

to the six inch line, and on the next scored on a plunge through center. Renzi added the point. The last sixer came on the end of a fifty-one-yard drive. Hagstrom's toss to Lavelle netted thirty yards, and a first down on the Blue nineteen. Another pass brought them to the ten, and with fourth down on the nine Gunnar flipped one to Lavelle in the left corner for the final touchdown. Hagstrom rushed the point.

Poughkeepsie was a bigger but less experienced eleven that, at times, showed a clever offense. Following Pittsfield's third touchdown, they marched fifty-five yards in nine plays, mainly on reverses and spinners, but were held for downs on the Pittsfield thirteen. A few plays later on an intercepted pass they were deep in Pittsfield territory again, but on the next play Hagstrom snared an aerial and behind Luz and Sameno, broke away for forty-seven yards to the Blue twenty-seven. Poughkeepsie struck back with a pass that made twenty-eight yards to the Pittsfield forty but a fumble on the next play, recovered by Foley, set the stage for the final scoring march.

Pittsfield broke away from their straight plays and worked a few trick ones. One forward lateral made twenty-one yards but no first down. . . . Quite consistently Pittsfield reeled off long gains, gaining twelve first downs to their opponents six and completing five passes in eleven tries. . . Hagstrom's kicks

20-0



Hagstrom Carries the Ball Six Inches for Third Touchdown

DESPERATION



Aiello Gains Sixteen Yards for Poughkeepsie on a Reverse Play

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averaged forty-five yards. . . Donna and Rozanski looked well in the line. Hagstrom and R. Renzi stood out in the backfield and Lavelle, at end, played a good game.

PITTSFIELD SPLASHES AGAWAM 13-6

Robert C. Moore

November 13, Pittsfield and Agawam met on the shallow waters of Lake Communis (on other days The Common) and when the last splash had been made Pittsfield had slipped in on top 13-6.

The rain and mud looked bad for the Purple and White, and after the first three minutes it looked worse. Agawam had scored. But that was the ultimate of pretending by the powerful Agawam eleven; thereafter it was all Pittsfield.

Agawam's score came out of the air six plays after the kickoff and culminated a sixty-nine yard drive. On the play they swung a mass of interferers around left end. Everyone but Babcock followed. He had the ball and rifled it to Dugan paddling along the sidelines, and he scored unmolested.

Following the kickoff, Hagstrom quick-kicked to the Agawam three. Foley downed the ball. The return kick put Pittsfield on the Agawam thirty-three. Four plays took them to the Agawam eighteen, but there they were stymied. After returning a punt to the forty a few plays later, Pittsfield put on the pressure. A Hagstrom-Lavelle pass netted ten yards. From there, the line went to work, and the next ten plays were between the tackles. Joe Renzi went through from the Agawam two-inch line. Hagstrom went through a hole in left tackle for the point and Pittsfield was off to sea.

In the second half the Purple players lost no time in scoring. Fourth down for Agawam occurred on their thirty-nine when the ball escaped and everyone chased it. The result was a first down for Pittsfield on the Agawam twenty-three. In three plays Strizzi

and Renzi reached the seven, and in four more Hagstrom dove in from the twelve inch line.

Immediately Agawam set sail and seemed destined to reach port when Babcock, in the wake of several blockers, pulled up anchor on the Pittsfield forty-seven for a nineteen-yard gain. But on the next play Captain Najimy recovered for Pittsfield, and the last Agawam threat was thwarted.

The Pittsfield line gave its outstanding performance of the season. It was a mainstay in both marches and kept Agawam in its own territory most of the day. Only three first downs were made through them, and they were in on every play to stop the runner. . . . Agawam's touchdown pass was the longest gain all day—forty-one yards. . . The quarters were cut to eight minutes and there were but four punts. . . Lavelle, Captain Najimy, R. Renzi, Donna, and Rozanski led the line. J. Renzi and Hagstrom led the backfield.

THANKSGIVING BLUES

By Robert C. Moore

Of course, it was the blocked punt that tied the score, but that thin coating of mud on a frozen turf held a powerful Pittsfield eleven to a 6-all tie with St. Joseph's in their eighteenth annual Thanksgiving game, and the mud will receive eternal blame for the upset. About seven thousand saw Pittsfield leap to an early lead, then relinquish it by a fatal kick in the third period.

Until the field became sloppy, Pittsfield demonstrated the supremacy indicated by the comparative scores of early season games. Only Pittsfield's inability to capitalize on the breaks kept the game from being decided in the first half. After their touchdown they were twice stopped deep in St. Joe territory, once on the fourteen, again on the twenty-one.

Throughout the game the Purple and White offense was stronger than St. Joe's, gaining six first downs to none and keeping the ball in St. Joe territory except on two

RENEWED HOPE



Pittsfield gains 37 yards from the 50-yard line by a pass from Hagstrom to Lavelle in the fourth quarter. Note the condition of the playing field.

FATE IN ACTION



Hagstrom (on the ground at left) slips after carrying the ball around right end for no gain on St. Joe's 28-yard line in the fourth period; blocking in the foreground is by Ralph Renzi.

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occasions. But when near pay dirt, they invariably failed. In the fourth period they were halted thrice, on the 31, 23, and 13.

Following the kickoff, the offense clicked, and Pittsfield marched seventy-two yards to score, greatly aided by some penalties, a punt, and a fumble. They had fourth down on the twentieth-three when Hagstrom smothered J. Renzi's pass on the eight and beat the secondary across. Cap Najimy's kick went wide. Right after the kickoff, Rozanski recovered Donovan's fumble on the St. Joe twenty-nine but an intercepted pass stopped Pittsfield on the fourteen after a Hagstrom-Lavelle pass had eaten up seventeen of the yards previously lost on a clipping penalty and an end run. Halfway through the second period, the Elephants were at it again, when an exchange of punts put Pittsfield on St. Joe's twenty-nine, but an intercepted pass stopped them on the twenty-one.

Although silent during the third period, Pittsfield's offense almost broke the tie in the fourth. Seemingly stopped at the line, Hagstrom shook loose two tacklers, and behind two blockers scampered to the St. Joe thirty-one where Luzis and Donovan pinned him after a twenty-four-yard gain. Pittsfield was able to make but eight yards in four plays, and St. Joe took over. A weak kick put Pittsfield on the St. Joe twenty-eight but three grounded passes and a fumble lost three yards and the ball. Then with less than a minute to play, Lavelle grabbed a pass on the thirty-eight and was brought down from behind on the thirteen—a gain of thirty-seven yards. The next pass was intercepted by Horton, who returned it to the St. Joe thirty. With the next play the game ended.

The Saint's defense in this game was typical of their defense in other games, judicious and impervious. They were fighting mad at the time of the fatal kick. Several linesmen broke through and Mougin blocked Gunnar's quick kick. Bud Delory got it on the thirty-eight and crossed the goal line well in the lead.

Previous to this, St. Joe had made its sole serious bid for a first down, but had been stopped inches from its objective on the Pittsfield twenty-nine.

Pittsfield's defense was likewise brilliant. On one punt Captain Najimy was down so quick that he nailed Luzis just as Foley missed him. Ralph Renzi and Foley teamed up on a couple of punts, and the lone touchdown resulted from Lavelle's hard tackle and Foley's quick recovery.

Hagstrom's passes, punts and runs made him an outstanding figure. . . . Joe Renzi's plunges were superb. . . Strizzi, Daligian, and Luz played well. . . Cap Najimy played a fitting farewell game. . . Ralph Renzi was likewise brilliant. . . Lavelle and Foley gave their best performances of the year, offensively and defensively. Rozanski, Massimiano, and Donna all held up well. . . Pittsfield's three passes gained seventy-seven yards.

BASKETBALL OUTLOOK

Bernard Williams

On November 29, Coach Stewart sent out the call for basketball candidates. With several veterans led by Captain Stu Leslie the Pittsfield combine starts its season at Adams, December 17. January 18 is the first of four successive home games to which everyone should go.

* The Schedule			
Dec.	17—Adams	At Adams	
	22—Dalton	At Home	
Jan.	7—Bennington	At Home	
	12—St. Joe (N. A.)	At St. Joe	
	14—Williamstown	At Wil'town	
	18—St. Joe (6-6)	At Home	
	21—Drury	At Home	
Feb.	28—St. Joe (N. A.)	At Home	
	4—Williamstown	At Home	
	11—Drury	At Drury	
	18—Adams	At Home	
	25—Dalton	At Dalton	
Mar.	4—Bennington	At Bennington	
	11—St. Joe (6-6)	At St. Joe	

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Lorraine Dowd and Dorothy Douglas

SWIMMING

After many weeks of training the P. H. S. girls are ready to exhibit their ability. On December 17, the first swimming meet of this season, will be held at the Boys' Club Pool.

This year there are four P. H. S. teams. They are as follows:

Sophomores: Captain Betty Wade, Margaret Ward, Barbara Gaylord, Virginia Retallick, Helen Organ, Ruth Guttormsen, Marjorie Sayles, Barbara Dineen, Lillian Blair, Ruth Raynor and Marjorie Horton.

Juniors: Captain Dorothy Douglas, Corrine Duval, Mary Shelsey, Lucille Cote, Edna Rosen, Priscilla Gaylord, Dorothy Dressman, Lorraine Dakin, Ann and Mary Devanny, Mary Farrell, Doris Best and Kathleen Buckley.

Seniors: Captain Bernice Eagen, Lorraine Dowd, Isabelle Sayles, Alma Uhlig, Rosemary Gorman, Mary Hickey, Georgette Stone, Dorothy Vincent and Janet Shipton.

P. H. S. Varsity: Bernice Eagen, Lorraine Dowd, Corrine Duval, Lucille Cote, Dorothy Harrington, Lorraine Dakin, Virginia Retallick, Priscilla Gaylord, Margaret Ward, Ann and Mary Devanny, Mary Shelsey, Dorothy Douglas and M. Thompson.

Margaret Ward is swimming the crawl for the Sophomores and is very good material for her team. Betty Wade, also on the Sophomore team, is trying to out-do her sister, Eleanor, who swam on last year's team. The Junior team has most of the promising stars, but still you never can tell who will come out on top. Corrine Duval will soon be breaking Dorothea Poulin's records in the breast-stroke, and Priscilla Gaylord on the same team, swimming back-stroke, is only a few seconds short from beating Mary Miller's record. Lorraine Dowd has been set back in diving as a result of a fractured ankle while practising diving in November and will not be seen this season. The Senior team has a few old swimmers such as Georgette Stone,

Isabelle Sayles, Bernice Eagen and Lorraine Dowd.

There will be four teams: the Varsity, racing St. Joseph's Varsity; the Senior, the Junior, and the Sophomore, racing each other. It has been decided that since the varsity swimmers are so good and would out distance any of the regular teams, girls who make the varsity team cannot be allowed to race for their class teams. This evens things up a great deal. This year we would like to have a cheering section from each class. Therefore, those pupils of the sophomore class will root for the Sophomores, while those of the other classes will yell for their teams and all will yell for the varsity as this is made up of girls from all the classes. The tickets to these races are only fifteen cents and may be purchased from any member of any team. Let's show our good school spirit by having a large crowd attending December 17.

VOLLEY BALL TOURNAMENT

The Senior Class again took top honors by winning the volley ball tournament. Captained by Georgette Stone the Seniors easily won from the Sophomores, but were given a stiff battle by the Juniors. The Juniors took second place by defeating the Sophomores.

TRACK

Track is well underway. The individual Senior and Junior meets were held December 6 and the Sophomore meet, December 7. The winners of these individual contests will compete in a Senior, Junior, Sophomore meet on December 20.

SHAWN DANCING

Miss McLaughlin is getting along very well with her Shawn Dancing classes. The girls' classes are held in the boys' gym, and, therefore, the girls have many male spectators stretching their necks to look at them flitting around the gym in their stocking feet. One class is now learning a Bulgarian Dance, and is progressing very rapidly.



I rose with great alacrity,
To offer her my seat:
'Twas a question whether she or I
Would stand upon my feet.
S.O.S.

Mr. Geary to puzzled Geometry Class:
"Now watch the board closely and I'll go
through it again."

We'd like to see you do it, Mr. Geary.
S.O.S.

IS THAT SO?
Men's faults are many,
Women have but two;
Everything they say,
And everything they do.
S.O.S.

Edward Reder has been yelling mutiny in Miss Kaliher's second period history class. Edwin (P. S. That's his real name) claims that all great men have been laughed at. (He must be a very great man in the making.) The class gives him its heartfelt thanks for his nice, clean entertainment. How about a soap box?

S.O.S.
INK FUND GOES OVER THE TOP
Mr. Lynch's ink fund went way over the top. The quota was 10 cents.
Upon opening the box Mr. Lynch found,
5 pennies, 1 nickel and 1 slug.
The question is, "Who owns the slug?"

S.O.S.
Teacher: "You know, Johnny, I'm not as foolish as you seem to think I look."

Bright Sophomore: "I know, teacher, you couldn't be."
S.O.S.

Everything comes to him who orders hash.

Miss Davison: "How is it you have only written ten lines on 'Milk' and the others have written pages?"

Harold Harris: "I wrote on Condensed Milk."
S.O.S.

"The hardest task a high school has," claims Mr. Lynch, "is the putting of abstract facts into concrete heads."

S.O.S.
Miss Kennedy: "I take great pleasure in giving you 90 in French."
"Oh, make it a 100, Miss Kennedy, and enjoy yourself."
S.O.S.

Motor Cop (to Mr. Herberg): "So you saw the accident, sir. What was the number of the car that knocked this man down?"

Mr. Herberg: "I am afraid I've forgotten it. But I remember noticing that if it were multiplied by fifty, the cube root of the product would be equal to the sum of the digits reversed."

S.O.S.
"Many worse things have come to pass," sighed Mr. Goodwin as he gazed at the incoming class.
S.O.S.

Sophomore: "Say, mister, hold these books a minute."

Mr. Strout: "Son, don't you know I'm principal of this school?"

Sophomore: "Oh, that's all right, you look honest."
S.O.S.

Put this in your Christmas stocking!
The letters between the lines mean: Satire on Sophomores!

Jepson the Jeep

PUZZLES

By Henry Kierstead

THE NUT CRACKER

A boy rows across a river one mile wide in one hour, but, on arriving at the opposite bank, he discovers that the current has carried him 1.73 miles downstream. What was the actual direction of the boat and how fast did it go in this direction?

TIME PROBLEM

A certain family has an electric and a grandfather clock. The grandfather clock is apparently slow, for every hour and $5/12$ minutes its small hand points to the same number as the large hand of the electric clock and vice versa. If both clocks are set at 12:00 and allowed to run for 12 hours and 5 minutes, how far behind will the grandfather clock be?

CODES

P Heos Siilofctgdliith.

The above code may be solved by writing the first letter and every 6th letter after it. At the end there will be one letter left over, so start over again with the fifth letter. Continue until you have used every letter. If you come to a letter you have already used, use the next letter and every sixth after that. Pay no attention to the spaces but start a new word with every capital letter.

After you have finished the above code, try the one below. You will have to find out yourself whether to take every 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, or 7th letter.

Pnlia Wlcyeck Yeclokteuli Cyroo N.

CORRESPONDENCE

14 Xaglx Strxxt
Pittsfixld, Massachusxtts
Dxcxmbxr 5, 1937

Pxxrlxss Typx Company
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so THX STUDXNT's Pxn rxadxrs can undxr-
stand us.

Vxry sincxrxly yours,
Nonx Bxst Printing Company
Pxtxr X. Jonxs
Typx Sxttxr

ANSWERS

Nut Cracker:—The boat travels at an angle of 30 degrees from the shore line at a rate of 2 miles per hour.

Time Problem:—For every 5 minutes on the grandfather clock the electric clock goes an hour and five minutes. Therefore, after 12 hours and five minutes, the grandfather clock will have gone 1 hour and will read 1:00. The electric clock will read 12:05, thus the grandfather clock will be 11 hours and 5 minutes behind.

CODE ANSWERS

- (1) Pittsfield High School.
 - (2) Pay Your Nickle Collection Weekly.
- Use every 4th letter.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

(Last Month)

WORD CHANGING:—(1) city, Pity, piuS, pOts, Tots, toWs, towN. (2) this, thiN, thAn, thaT.

ARITHMETIC TEST:—

$$(20 + 4 - 9) \times 4 \div 12 = 5.$$

TRY THIS ON YOUR FRIENDS:—to, too, tu, three. We probably fooled you on the last part; most people would have said two.

CRYPTOGRAM:—God gives men wisdom as he gives them gold; his treasure chest is not the mint but the mine.

PUNCTUATE THIS:—It is true for all that, that that "that" that that "that" signifies, is not that "that" that 'I refer to.

PROBLEM:—The log is 150" or $12\frac{1}{2}'$ long.

A LESSON IN DEDUCTION

Sherlock Holmes (at the dinner table):
"What do you make of this advertisement, Watson?"

(Watson scrutinizes the Brady Cleaners' advertisement on page 32 of the October issue of THE STUDENT'S PEN. He observes Herbert Boyajian's name in the ad as the proprietor. He ponders with knit eyebrows and then with a triumphant air pronounces his deduction.)

Watson: "The establishment has changed hands, Holmes. Formerly Frank Brady was the proprietor; now this Herbert Boyajian. It can not be a mistake, because it is not a news item but an official statement of the establishment. That is my deduction, Holmes."

Holmes: "Wonderful, Watson! You have the capacity of stating the most impossible deduction in the most convincing manner . . . for juries."

Watson (peevish): "What is impossible

about my deduction, Holmes? Why could not this man Boyajian buy out Brady?"

Holmes: "Ah, my dear Watson, I see my blunt frankness has offended you. Not the sale of the establishment but your deduction from the available facts is impossible. You notice on page three that Herbert Boyajian is a student on the staff of THE PEN and therefore is not reasonably likely to be the proprietor of Brady Cleaners. He could, however, be easily the solicitor of the ad. Our problem is how did his name get on the ad. Well, it is the custom for agents to sign their names on the margins of the orders they secure, and presumably it was done in the present case. The advertisement being extremely simple called for no particular editing, and the agent's name was inadvertently left on. The printer thought it must be the proprietor's name and moved it to the center. That is my deduction, Watson."

Watson: "Marvelous, Holmes! It's colossal!"

Holmes: "Elementary, my dear Watson."

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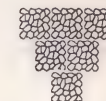
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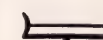
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